Sellers Supplement

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P R E F A C E

This is a supplement to the splendid book, "A History of the Sellers Family" (henceforth referred to as SELLERS) "assembled by Marcia McBrayer Davis Manning and edited and published by James McBrayer Sellers, Jr., for the occasion of the first family reunion of the descendants of SANDFORD SELLERS and LUCIA VALENTINE ROGERS SELLERS held August 16-22, 1972, at Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri.

Although there have been many smaller reunions in the interim, it was not until June 15-19, 1989, that we were able to assemble a large portion of the entire family for another reunion at Wentworth.

For this occasion we thought it appropriate to publish a SELLERS supplement. Some new material has surfaced, Mac (James McBrayer Sellers, Jr.) has compiled three stupendous indices to the SELLERS book, and many new marriages and births have blossomed on the family tree.

We have bound the book in looseleaf brad binders so that still more material may be added as discovered. If any of you find anything more, please share it with the family.

Betty

BETTY SELLERS HARTER

Lucia

LUCIA SELLERS BUTLER

June, 1989





Allelujah Love
b. 4/22/1791
d. 4/16/1859

m.
12/22/1812

Henry Rogers
b. 3/20/1787
d. 9/18/1835

This picture of Allelujah Love is a framed painting which came into the possession of Lucia Sellers Butler after the publication of the SELLERS book. It was given to her by "Buzz" Rogers, grandson of Robert Henry Rogers, Na's brother. The pedigree of Allelujah is given in the SELLERS book on pages 27-31. The picture of Allelujah's husband, Henry Rogers is printed in the SELLERS book on page 28, but we repeat it here to unite the family.

Allelujah's siblings included Virtuous Mary, Beloved, and Chaste Esther, but information from Roberta Hale lists one child of Allelujah and Henry not included in SELLERS, page 28: Virtuous Helen, born 10/8/1820.

The Memoirs of Robert Henry Rogers, Roberta's father and Na's brother, give this description of Henry Rogers:
"At that time nobody but men of the best standing could be on the 'Grand Jury List'and as Henry Rogers was foreman of the first Grandjury ever organized in Troup County, he was ever looked up to as one of the leaders. He seems to have been successful as a planter, trader, and merchant, and though he died a little under fifty years of age, left quite an estate, and was regarded as a man of wealth."





Lucia Tichnor Brown
b. 10/12/1831
d. 2/19/1908

m.
12/13/1852

Friend Ovid Rogers
b. 12/10/1830
d. 12/20/1905

This is a newly discovered picture of Lucia Tichnor Brown at a younger age than the fine picture of her in SELLERS, page 32. On that same page is a description of her by her granddaughter, Roberta Hale.

In the Memoirs of Robert Henry Rogers, the son of Lucia Tichnor and Friend Ovid, there is this passage:
"I remember hardly anything of home life in LaGrange from the close of the war until Mother took her four children and with them joined my father in Atlanta -- who was there with my uncle -- a few days before we started to Texas.

"I recall starting to Atlanta with my mother and three sisters. At the depot we were met by a gentleman dressed in conventional black, and of rather distinguished appearance, who seemed to be a friend, and who gave mother all the attention and help she needed in baggage checking, ticket buying, entraining, etc. But I, a timid sickly child, small for my age, and then almost a wreck from a spell of scarlet fever -- with which my three little brothers had but recently died -- asked no questions until after we had parted from the gentleman, and then Mother said, 'Why, son, that was our Senator, the Hon. Ben Hill.'

"Ben Hill was my father's friend and lawyer, and years after this my only remembered meeting with him, when he had passed away as one of the noted men of the nation, my father bought and gave me 'The Life of Ben Hill,' and gave full expression of the high opinion he had of this friend and neighbor of his early manhood. It was his Confederate Senatorship to which my mother referred when she called him 'our Senator.'"

For the family tree of Lucia Tichnor Brown (SELLERS, pg. 14), Roberta Hale provided a small addition to the pedigree: the parents of Mary Turtle were ? Turtle, "a man of fashion" and Emily ? "a great beauty and a convert of John Wesley."

SELLERS, JOHN

Son of :

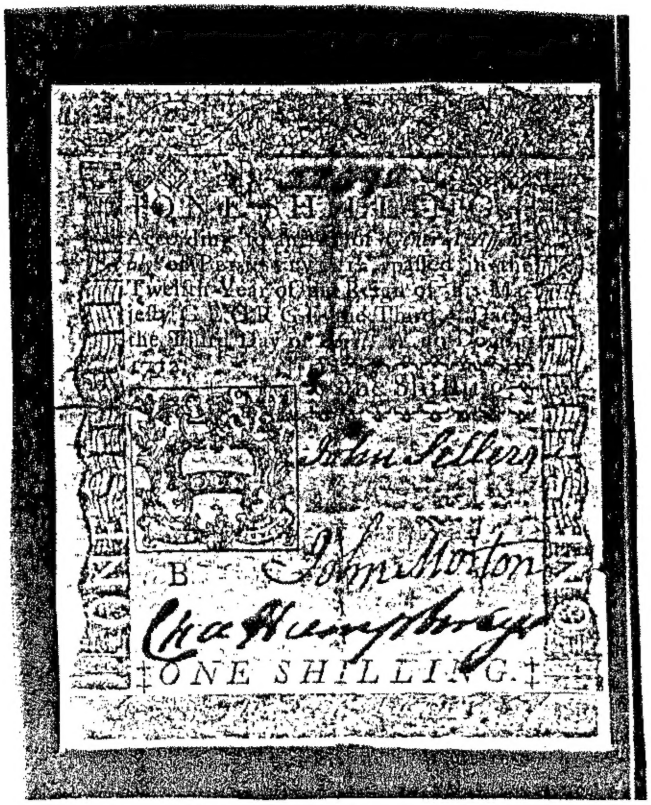
Born : ca 1750 in Pennsylvania

Married: Mary Woods of Penn. in 1770. Family tradition says she came from Lancaster Co., Penn., was born 1750-60, died after Jan. 12, 1812

Died : Jan. 5, 1812 in "Clover Bottom", Woodford County, Kentucky

Children (not all in order):

1. Hannah; b. 1774 in Penn. (in York Co. per family tradition)
   m. Robert Torbet of Woodford Co., Ky.
   d. Nov 1, 1836 in Jefferson Co., Ind.; buried Jennings Co., Ind.
   c. 1) Patsy; m. Fredrick Norwood
      2) Martha; m. Edward Welker
      3) Jane ; m. William Gilmore
      4) Margaret; m. James Stockton
      5) John; m. Mary McGannon
      6) James Madison; m. Isabel Lattimore
2. Joseph; b. Sept (Dec?) 10, 1776 in Woodford Co., Ky.
   m. Mary Johnson on Dec 31, 1802, in Woodford Co, Ky.
      2) Sarah Barrett on Oct 10, 1836
   d. April 12 (21?), 1842, age 65, in Woodford Co., Ky.
   c. 1) Lovisa; b. Dec 2, 1803
      2) Eliza; b. July 25, 1805
      3) Amanda; b. May 8, 1808
      4) Thomas Johnston; b. Aug 19, 1810
      5) John Newton: b. Jan 28, 1813
      6) Sarah Ann; b. Jan 3, 1816
      7) Mary Jane; b. Jan 15, 1820
3. Mary; m. William Trusdale (Trousdail), Jefferson Co., Ind.
4. Eleanor; m. Joseph Kennedy in Jefferson Co., Ind.
5. Daughter; m. Joseph Martin; her granddaughter m. John Payne, Washington Co., In
6. Ann(a); m. Len Buchanan in Woodford Co., Ky.; d. Dec 1804
7. Thomas W.; b. 1788 at Harrods Station, Ky.
   m. Sarah R. Ashford on Jan 2, 1812
   n. He was county judge of Woodford County, served in the War of 1812
   c. 1) ?? 2) Henry M.; b. 1814 in Woodford Co.; m. 1) Henrietta Stevenson an
      2) Alethia Rowland who bore him Marion, m. O. Kennard

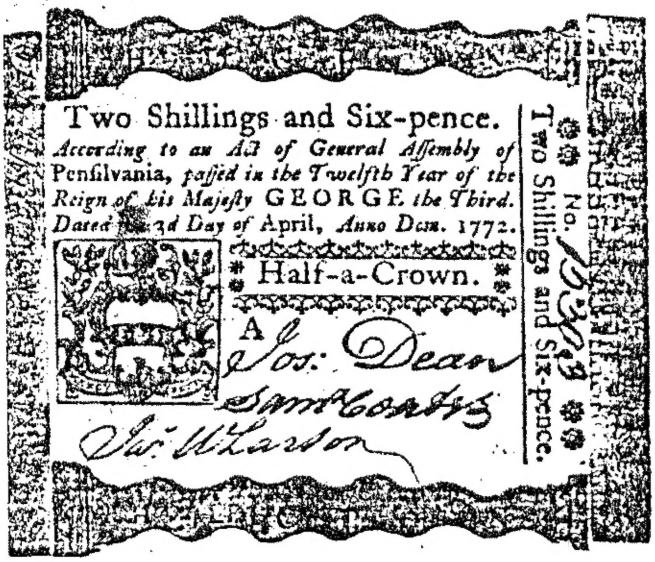


NOTE: John Sellers fought in Revolutiuonary War with Thomas Wilson (see Pension Application of Mary Wilson, widow of Thomas) and told of T. Wilson being at the burning of Ft. Dequence (note added by J.S. says "later known as Pittsburg, Pa.") -- see National Archives W 27589 Washington, D. C.

John Sellers (1798) states he made improvements 1776 -- Scott's Papers, page 7, County Court Order Book B, Bourbon Co., Ky., 1796.

John Sellers' nuncupative Will written Jan. 8, 1812, in Bundle 30, Woodford Co., Ky., and also Will Book C page 381, states "Wife Mary to have one room and fireplace in my new house on the Tan Yard Track; Joseph to have 100 acres where he lives; Thomas to have land at the Tan Yard, hides and bark, etc.; Thomas to pay $100 to Hannah Tobret, Eleanor Kennedy, Mary Trousdal and Ann Buchanan, Granddaughter Mary Martin $50, Son-in-law Joseph Martin $1 Jan. 5, 1812." (Info. supplied by Mrs. William B. Adams (Julia L. 4608 Jackson St., Muncie, Ind., 1975.)

Col. Sandford Sellers says , "Joseph and Thomas Sellers served in some of the wars under Col. Dick Johnson and were with him in Canada." A note found in papers of Sandford, unsigned, says, "The record of service of John Sellers, a Quaker who served in Revolution from Penn. and was later a member of Va. Ref. Comm. by Col. Theodorick Bland can be obtained by addressing the State Librarian, Penn, Harrisburg."





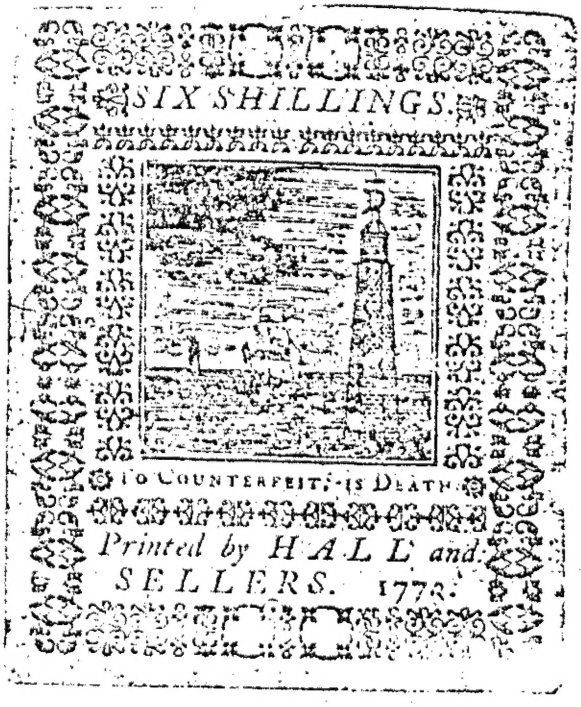
			V.G.	Fine	V.F.
3d	Plate letters A, B, & C. Pennsylvania	33,962	25.00	35.00	50.00
4d	Plate letters A, B, & C. Pennsilvania	33,963	25.00	35.00	50.00
6d	Plate letters A, B, & C. Pensylvania	33,962	25.00	35.00	50.00
9d	Plate letters A, B, & C. Pensilvania	33,962	25.00	35.00	50.00
1s	Plate letters A & B. Pennsylvania	33,962	20.00	30.00	40.00
18d	Plate letters A & B. Pennsilvania	33,962	20.00	30.00	40.00
2s	Plate letters A & B. Pensylvania	33,962	20.00	30.00	40.00
2s6d	Plate letters A & B. Pensilvania	33,962	20.00	30.00	40.00
40s	Plate letters A, B, C, & D. Pennsylvania				
	J. SMITHER SCULP in top border cut	5,000	50.00	100.00	150.00

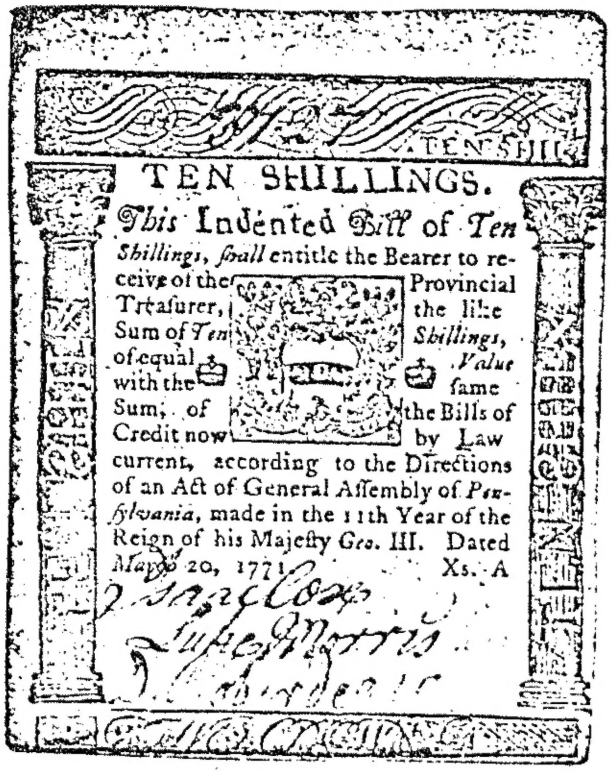
Signature of John Morton, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Doubles the value shown.

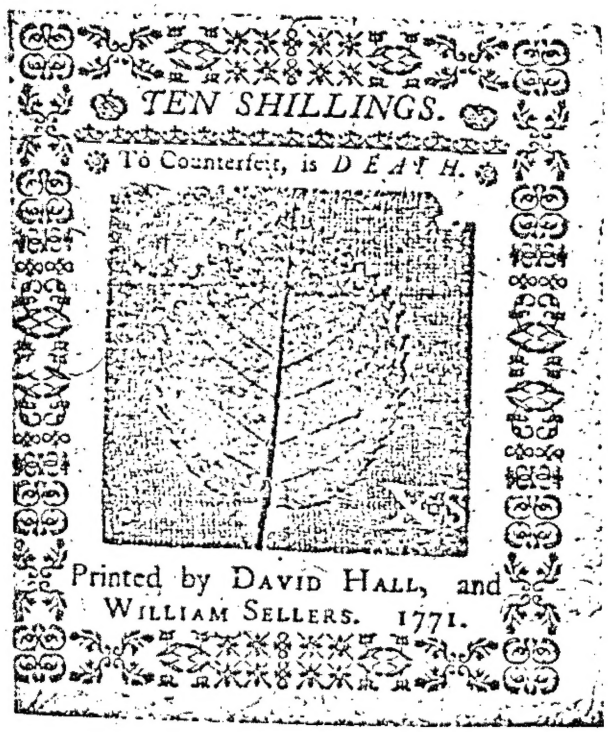
March 20, 1773

£12,000 in Bills for the construction of the Cape Henlopen Lighthouse, and piers and buoys, pursuant to the Feb. 20, 1773 Act. A cast cut of a lighthouse is on the back with the denomination incised. Printed by Hall & Sellers on paper containing mica flakes. Detector bills are on blue paper. Signers are Charles Jervis, Henry Keppele, Jr., Frederick Kuhl, Benjamin Shoemaker, John Steinmetz, and Jacob Winey.



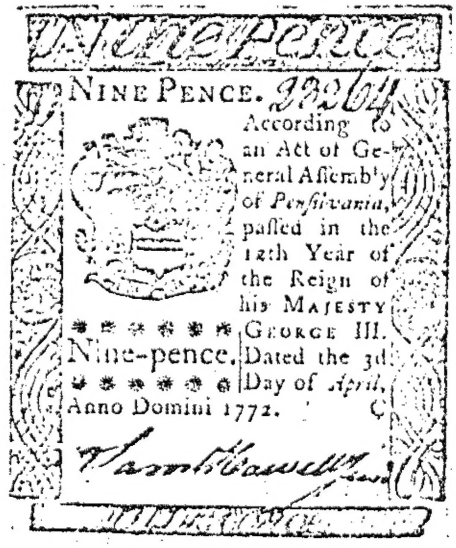


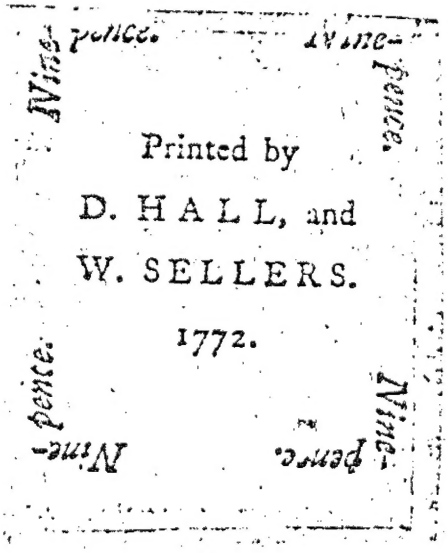




April 3, 1772

£25,000 in Bills issued pursuant to the Mar. 21, 1772 Act. The pence denominations are small in size and their backs are typeset. The back of the 2s6d has a chevron design cut. The other backs have nature prints. First appearance of the name of James Smither as engraver of border cuts. Printed by Hall & Sellers on paper containing mica flakes. The face of the 40s is printed in red and black. Signers are Clement Biddle, Thomas Clifford, Samuel Coates, Thomas Coombe, Isaac Cox, Joseph Dean, Joel Evans, Thomas Fisher, Samuel Howell Jr., Adam Hubley, Samuel Hudson, Charles Humphreys John Mifflin, Anthony Morris, Jr., Cadwalader Morris John Morton*, Samuel Pleasants, Joseph Pemberton John Sellers, Joseph Sims, Jr., Joseph Swift, Jeremiah Warder, Jr., James Wharton, and Benjamin Wynkoop One signer for the four lowest denominations and three for the others.





SELLERS, JOHN NEWTON (4)

Born January 25, 1813 in Woodford County, Kentucky, son of Joseph Sellers and Mary Johnston.

Married Marcia Jane McBrayer at Lawrenceburg, Anderson County, Kentucky on NOV 30 1837

Died at his home called "Sellers Landing" on the West Carancahua River in Jackson County, Texas. on NOV 19 1858.

Soon after he married he moved in search of a healthful climate to Illinois, and as his first son was born at Helena, Arkansas June 18,1846 it is presumed they lived in Arkansas for a period of time.

This son James Monroe Sellers, told his daughters that the first remembrance of his childhood was trying to push the water out of the yard with a board when the River was in flood. His daughter (James M. Sellers' dau. Grace, thinks he told her he was seven years old when the family moved on to Texas.

Also, an old negro who had been a slave of the Sellers Family, Jack Green, answering the questions of Sandford Sellers, another son of John Newton and Marcia Jane Sellers, said the slaves rode the horses down to Texas from Arkansas, and that the family came down by boat.

A photograph of John Newton Sellers which his son Sandford had showed John Newton Sellers to have been a blonde, with reddish hair and blue eyes, with sideburns and possibly a beard.

He was also called "doctor" but where he was educated or if he practiced medicine on his various sojourns in Illinois, Arkansas and Texas, is not known to his descendants. Some are of the opinion that he took his M.D. IN Louisville, Ky.

The house he occupied and presumably built on the W. Carancahua River in South Texas, a two-story frame with hand hewed timbers in the foundation, was standing and in fair condition in 1939 when it was visited by Sandford Sellers and his wife, Lucia, and niece Mabel Sellers Todd and her husband. Marcia Sellers Davis went to this house with cousins about 1940 and was able to go all over the house and see certain things her father, Sandford Sellers I, had told her about.

A few years ago(it is now 1955) we heard that the old house had burned down. None of the family have visited the spot since.

CHILDREN:

JAMES MONROE Born June 18, 1846, married Ellender Jane Loomis on Sept. 1, 1875, died August 24, 1902, aged 56. b. 2-12-1857 d. 2-10-192

Zachariah b. * died at age 18.

Twin daughters(Emma & Ella " in infancy

SANDFORD b. July 24, 1854, Married Lucia Rogers Dec. 27, 1882 Died March 3, 1938, (see his pages for details)

* A note on Zachariah who is said to have died at age of 18 yrs. by M.S.Todd

My father, James Monroe Sellers, often told us that his brother ~~Zack~~ Zack was a most lovable young boy. No description of him is available but my father said he was a handsome young man and I have always felt the age of his death was given to me as 18, but the notes above say he died at 15 and I cannot dispute it.

A Verbal Report
by
McBrayer Burnam
(a 1st Cousin of Aunt Marion's)

One of the McBrayer family went to Texas from Kentucky. Getting out on the porch roof to ~~get~~ cool ~~off~~ in the night he fell ~~off~~ in his sleep & the local constable coming by took for granted that he was intoxicated and put him in the local calaboose ~~jail~~. He died there before morning.

There was some lawsuit about the death but nothing of note resulted from it.

This man was of the generation to which the father of Sandford Sellers belonged.

This is a story written by my grandfather, Sandford Sellers, about an experience he had when young.

AN ADVENTURE

I always had a desire to explore a cave; and as the following narrative will explain, I had that desire fully gratified. In the neighborhood where I was visiting in Kentucky was a cave which was reported to be haunted and it was therefore not often visited. That spooks occupied it did not diminish my desire to explore it. So, taking a miner's lantern in the front of my cap, I started out on this exploration. I found the cave very damp - in fact wet with the walls dripping and the pathway muddy and slippery. On account of the low ceiling, I had to walk in a crouching position, almost on all fours. I found many different leads or pathways and hardly knew which way to go. I also realized the danger of getting lost as the roads were very winding and ran into each other. I noticed signs of animal life, tracks in the mud and bones that seemed to have been chewed on by some devouring beast. At one place a form like that of a wolf scurried ahead of me. Owing to the dimness of my light I could not see well enough to make out definitely the form. I noticed also an impression in the soft earth such as is made by snakes. In places chambers appeared with overhanging stalactites and ledges of rock in the sides. I crossed a small stream of water which meandered through the cave appearing in one place and disappearing in another under the overhanging rock. I had not expected to go very far but as I proceeded, my interest increased and I wished for a stronger light with which to see better the varied rock formations. My lamp was so small that I began to fear that the oil would not hold out till I returned to the opening. I pressed on from one object of interest to another and finally decided that I had better start back; but I did not find it so easy to get out as I had expected and finally I discovered that I was lost. In my effort to get out of the cave, seeing a narrow passage which I thought might lead to the opening, I turned into it. I found it narrower than I had expected and difficult of passage in some places. The stalactites were many and smaller than in the larger passages. They were beautiful and I stopped to look at them wishing for a brighter light. They were thick and almost obstructed my passage. I had to squeeze through in places. While some were small, no larger than a man's leg, they seemed to be very firmly set so I had no fear of dislodging them. Finally when I had nearly reached the end of the passage in forcing my way between two of these pillars, one of them broke off at the ceiling and fell in pieces around me. I was knocked to the floor and one piece fell across my legs and another across my left

shoulder pinning me to the floor. Ifound myself unable to arise, but no bones were broken andmy light was unextinguished. Realizing the eminent danger of my situation unless some human help should come to me, I called aloud but the only response to my calls was echo resounding through those cavernous walls. Finally I heard something in response to my calls, but on listening I realized that it was not human cries but that of some wild animal. I therefore desisted from calling lest I should bring death instead of aid. These animal calls continued and were gradually getting nearer and Ifinallyrecognized them as coming from wolves. The one I had seen belonged tothe timber wolf species which often attack human beings. The only means I had for defense were some rocks within reach and a large hunting knife. With some difficulty I extricated my knife from the scabbard and arranged the rocks in my reach for quick use. The oil in my lamp was getting low and I feared it would be extinguished before the wolves reached me. But they were not long in locating me. Fortunately for me the passage was so narrow that only one at a time could attack me. Having a free use of my right arm, I decided to use the rocks first. I could not tell how many were in the pack, but judging from the noise they made there must have been at least a half dozen. When the first one approached and began snapping at my feet I hit him with arock and he fell back and gave place to another. They were large ravenous looking beasts and would soon have made way with me if they could have gotten around me. The next one was not satisfied with snapping at my feet but made a dash for my throat. Anticipating this I seized my knife and made a lunge at him as soon as he came within reach. The stab was well aimed and a severe wound was evidently inflicted. The blood spurted from him and he drew back. This caused the pack to give attention to their wounded member who started in a run with the pack after him. The noise after a time died away and I was satisfied that they had devoured their companion. Soon after this encounter I was left in darkness by the extinction of my lamp. for some time I lay undisturbed except for the pain that I suffered from the rocks pressing on my legs and shoulder. It was impossible on this account for me to sleep. At times I would hear a noise as of some animal sniffing around but I would throw a rock in the direction from which the noise came and scare the animal away. Finally rats began to assail me and I was kept busy keeping them away from my face. These intruders which had given me much trouble finally left and I was suddenly aware of a new enemy the worst of all. Something sliding over my legs positively convinced me that a snake had scared the rats away. In the total darkness I knew not how to ward off this dreaded enemy. Iwas afraid to even move my free arm lest any motion should cause him to strike. All I could do was to lie perfectly still and await developments. Knowing that the only kind of prey a snake could use was such as he could swallow, I felt some reassurance, and that my only hope was to avoid being

bitten. So I lay perfectly motionless. I soon realized that he was approaching my face. I kept myeyes closed and directly Iwas terrorized by a hissing sound right over myface. I expected any moment that he would sink his fangs into my unprotected face which I was sure he would do if I moved. Getting no response from his blood curdling hiss, he finally moved above myhead and proceeded tocoil himself around my head. The touch of a snake was always very repulsive to me and the slimy contact under my chin with two of his coils made it almost impossible for me to remain quiet. This action made me fear that he was going to strangle me. But not so. With two or three coils around my head, he became motionless with his head resting on my forehead apparently waiting to see what I was going todo. In this awful situation I am unable to describe myfeelings of hopeless terror. With benumbed pain, fatique, and a sort of resigned fear, I became overcome and sank into unconsciousness or sleep. Idon't know how long I remained in this condition. Iawakened to the sound of human voices and I wanted to respond for I believed that help had come. But what would the snake do if I called out. I noticed the absence of the coils under my chin and with the hope that my dread enemy had left me, I decided to respond to the call of my rescuers. No harm came from my call and very soon, friends came to my relief. In response to my question about the snake they told me they had passed a large black snake which got away before they could kill him. I was glad to learn they had not harmed him for I believed he had saved my life by frightening away the swarm of rats that would have overcome me in my helpless condition. On removing the rock which held me down it was found that I was not seriously injured. The experience, however, fully satisfied my desire for exploring caves.

THE END

As I look at life
From within and without,
I sometimes wonder
What it's all about.

We look and we ponder
And try to see,
What the end of it all
Is going to be.

The earth is only
A speck in the sky,
And we upon it
Not more than a fly.

We eat and we drink
We sleep and we walk,
But most of our doings
Are summed up in talk.

Some of us are fat
And some are lean,
Some are good
And some are mean.

Some get riches
And some are poor,
Some are beggars
At your door.

People study and people strive
To understand this mystery,

Knows and makes all history.

As I look out upon the stars
And on their greatness meditate,
I wonder who has made them all
And what shall one day be my fate.

When earth's pilgrimage is ended
And life's burden rolled away,
When bodies can no longer be mended
To keep our spirits in clay;

Then no longer shall we be puzzled
Our theories all in doubt,
For the Lord of Heaven shall tell us
What on earth it is all about.

(1)

Oh I am at life

From within within

Dominions is made

Until to all eternity

by long term and [illegible]

Oran [illegible] on [illegible]

we learned by practice

Can the

Wrath may call

Long [illegible]

The earth is only

A place in the

End in days in

In another time [illegible]

(2)

We eat and we drink
We sleep and we walk
But most of us always
Are ashamed of the talk.

Some of us are fat
And some are lean.
Some are fair
And some are brown.

Some get riches
And some are poor
Some are lazy
Some are sour.

Rich ~~and poor together~~
Rich and lazy and poor alike
Are in the Lord's sight.

Do not wait and say in your selves
And in your hearts
I am rich and increased with goods
And have need of nothing
And know not that you are wretched
And miserable and poor and blind and naked.

(3) Where hearts lift praise is ended
and life's burden rolled away
when Godliness can no longer
be mended
To keep our spirits in decay
Time no longer holds us prisoners
Our stories are in death,
For the God of Heaven shall
take us
what on earth it is all about

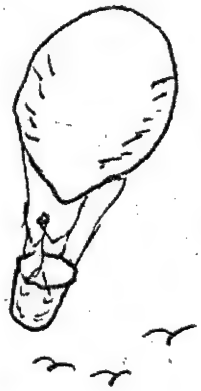
Bookmarks
by
Sandy Sellers, Jr.



Gloat not at thy neighbor's calamaties. Better to extend the right hand of fellowship.





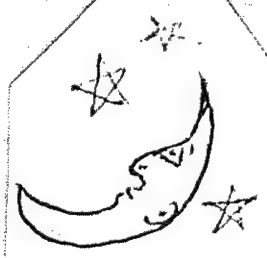


Rise thou unto the heights



Be not earth-bound as are the animals







Reach not for the moon in thine endeavours.



Far better to take one step at a time.



Contemplate nature



Be not as the egghead in thy learnings



Better to acquire a little horse sense along the way



1971

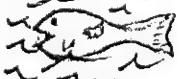


Strive not to encompass all things



as does the octapus

Better to be content



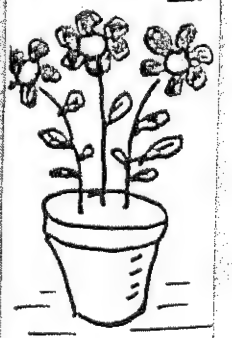
as a small fish in the pond



Be not distraught by the slings and arrows of outrageous fate;



be calm in the face of adversity.





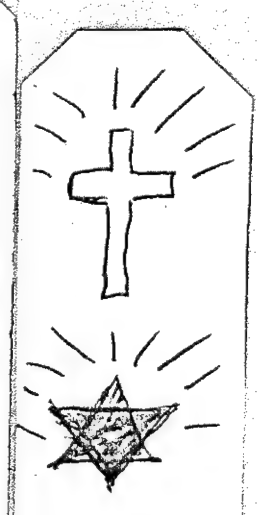
Be not as the jughead of thy community



Read and be



enlightened.





Let there be peace!



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE ON THE CAMPUS

by Marion Sellers Allison

My parents lived here fromn 1924 to 1933. They moved in, with three children, in the summer, for I remember very well the day before the move. My little brother, Sandy, fell down and hurt himself. My mother picked him up and rocked him in a rocking chair, singing "We're going to move tomorrow, we're going to move tromorrow, we're going to move tomorrow ..." I was four years old. Every day was an important day after that. If life ever seems hum-drum, you can always think that there is, after all, the possibility of a move.

I never felt unsafe, if I was with one of my parents. I had to grow up and hear about all the difficulties with cars of those days, before I ever thought about the possibility of danger in a car. One snowy day my mother took my older sister, my little brother and me for a ride. We were out on a country road, when the engine began to boil. My mother got us out of the car and up to a farm house. No one was home, and it was snowing harder and harder. We found a back window open and climbed in the house. My mother found a telephone in the house and called my father, who came and got us. I don't remember the details about getting home, but I remember very well standing warm and cozy inside our dear old brick house, leaning on the deep window sill, watching the snow fall. I had a realization of the difference between being out in the snow and not being out in the snow. I was in the living room looking out. There was a fire place in the living room, and my father put coal into an iron basket and made nice fires. We sent our letters to Santa Claus up this chimney.

Sometimes my mother had class piano lessons. This was fun, for then we were included. She put us around card tables, had us write our notes on manuscript paper. Sometimes we had round black dots for notes, and we placed them on the staffs. All of us learned to play. . .

The room at the back of the hall was also a room of adventure. To a child, every room is so, but this room led out to the grape arbors. My grandmother had three or four different kinds of grapes. They all seemed very important, and I loved them all. This room, I think, was called the study. My mother had a tangerine colored desk here. I learned my arithermetic times tables in here. I lost my turtle in here, and after three weeks, I found him in here, covered with dust and still alive. . .

The room above the "music" room was occupied by my maternal grandmother from the year 1927. She loved beautiful scents, and her room always smelled so good. Her two occupations were the garden and writing poetry. She also made fruitcake and candied orange and grapefruit peels for Christmas. At Christmas time, she played Jingle Bells, while we marched into the Christmas tree. She liked to keep her door closed, when she was in her room, and we never went in without knocking first. She made a lavender quilt of pieces of our cotton dresses and little suits. Our clothes were the pieces, and the border was lavender. I still have the quilt.

This room was the room my mother occupied, when our littler brother Logan, was born. I remember going into the room in awe and seeing him rosy in his crib. I couldn't understand why my mother had to stay in bed. Logan was an event in our lives. Sandy was somewhat disappointed that his little brother was too little to play with him. This room was a good room from which to view "B" Company. It was called our guest room, before my grandmother, Dearsie, came to live with us. I occupied it when I had the measles. Taps sounded very clear and beautiful to me. The boys in maroon and white sweaters formed for breakfast. Voices of the cadets came through. Logan was born January 14, 1926. He grew in this house to the age of six, when we had to leave because of the Depression.

The room above the living room was the room my parents occupied. The fire place in this room was magical, my father sitting by the fireplace with pipe, when all was set for Christmas. . . nothing was more peaceful. My mother's dresser with glass powder box, perfume bottles, hairbrushes, combs with Spanish top, was a fascinating place, when she was getting ready for a dance "up a' thuh 'cademy." I remember

her evening dresses and her beaded evening bags. In her cedar chest in this room, she kept her wedding dress of white taffeta. In this room at the age of ten, I discovered that I was taller than my mother. This was the room to run to, whenever I ran away. I ran away from a party when I was five. I ran away from school when I was eight. I ran away from another party when I was ten. Other children run away from home. I ran away <u>to</u> home. I still love home, and when I have five errands to do, I am likely to forget the last one, because I am so anxious to get home.

The upstairs hall opened out onto the balcony by two big doors. Here we practised the plays we put on. Our cousin, Betty Sellers, and my sister, Lillian, were the directors. We sometimes had the audience sit in the hall, and we put the play on out on the balcony. We charged a pin for admittance. Children were our audience for these plays. When we got more ambitious, we used the Academy gymnasium.

In those days scarlet fever was a deadly disease. My brother, Sandy, got it at the age of three. The door going from the hall into my parents bedroom was draped with a sheet, saturated with alcohol. My mother was closeted with my brother for weeks. It was a great lot of trouble getting ourselves bathed and properly disinfected to leave the house. Dr. Paine was our doctor at the time.

The most exciting guests we had come to the house were our cousins or aunt or uncle. For instance, Uncle Ovid and my father bought movie cameras, when the first home movie cameras came out in about 1926. . . I imagined the movie making me a beautiful movie queen, who didn't laugh. . . I remember how disappointed I was, when I first viewed myself on the home projector, to realize that I didn't come out like Clara Bow. . .

Our dining room was behind the living room, and a door from this room led into the kitchen. Our maid's name was Florence. Florence said so many funny things that my mother said she kept her around more for this reason than for her housekeeping, which wasn't so hot...

In the room above the dining room was the room where Lillian, Sandy, and I slept. We each had an army cot, the iron cot painted blue. We each had a dresser of the type used in the barracks, and they were painted blue. I felt very possessive about my drawers. In the bottom drawer I kept my toys, my treasures. I suppose if I looked in there today, I would be disgusted. But it was all beautiful to me then. Down the back stairs, out the back door, the garden, which my grandmother made, used pebbles for garden paths and every kind of flower that you could think of, she created a beautiful place. . .

The activities of the campus were one thing, but the adventures of prowling about the hollow, playing in the snow, turning the terrain into a mountain or treacherous jungle were something else. Once my cousin, Marcia Mac, and I found in the hollow "a harp." Immediately, in our minds, the "thing" was a glorious discovery. We formed a "Harp Club," to which only we two could belong. We made a flag, which was the flag of our Harp Club. We kept a secret for a long time. Then at last, we divulged our secret to Marcia's brother, Tilton. He insisted upon going with us to see the "harp," which we were certain had been put there by mysterious forces. When we triumphantly showed him our find, allowing him to share our secret, feeling that he, too, would be overcome by this miracle, he, in a devastating way, shattering the drama of believing we had contact with extra-terrestrial material, said "That isn't a harp. It's nothing but the inside of an old piano."

When later I learned that the inside of a piano is referred to as a harp, I was not comforted. It wasn't the same thing as the "harp" that Marcia and I had discovered. It's like th moon, now that it has been walked on. It is not the moon of our childhood, or the moon of our grandmother Dearsie's poem:

YOUNG MOON

A pale novice veiled in white,
lights a votive taper on
the altar of the sky,
moving in beatitude
down an isle of stars.

L. Logan Kean...

I loved dolls beyond the age when most girls give up dolls. I remember the day when I looked into the faces of my dolls and felt that there was no return in the affections I lavished upon them. Maybe this is called unrequited love...

Falling on the bricks is something only those of my generation will understand. I shall attempt a description of this past time, invented by my sister, Lillian, who grew up to be a teacher of piano in the children's preparatory department of Northwestern University. To teach was in her blood. So she organized her cousins, brother and sister, and we played "falling on the bricks" in this manner:

"The bricks" were the bricks of the building B Company (now F Company). A concrete moat runs down the length of the building. We would stand on one side of the moat, fall across the moat, catching ourselves with our hands. Then we

would push back with one foot. Doing this between each window from top to bottom of the moat, then from botton to top, was one completed unit. Then we would fall on the bricks and push back with the other foot, repeating this procedure until our return to the top of the moat. Next we would fall on the bricks and push back with our hands, not using a foot. Most difficult. The next step was to fall over and push back with one hand. Upon completing this round, we would do the last bit, pushing back with the other hand. Then it was time for lunch.

Then came the days for preparing to leave. The school wasn't making enough money in the Depression. Uncle Mac bought out my father and the plans went ahead for our departure. Daddy went up to Chicago, to the University of Chicago, to study and get his Masters degree in Education. It took some time for my mother to get us organized and into the Studebaker to take the driving trip up to Chicago, where we would land in Uncle Ovid and Aunt Katherine's house, there to stay in Chalmers' Place until we could find an apartment on the south side of Chicago.

In the back of our house was a large incinerator. Mama directed us to burn everything we could live without. Lillian and I had studied ballet with a teacher from Kansas City down at the Elk's Hall. We loved our dancing, the excitement of getting into a costume, sometimes using heavy make-up... I was a Chinese in one dance; my sister a Russian in one dance... We hauled out all of our costumes and threw them into the incinerator. I threw in dolls; we threw in games; we threw in all sorts of things. The incinerator was literally burning with the things of the past. It left me with an attitude that I have to this day. You cannot take every item of your life along with you, whenever you make a change. I can get rid of things very easily. "We don't really own anything. We only borrow them for a while," I heard in a sermon once.

Then off we drove in the Studebaker, my mother driving, my sister, me, our two brothers, my grandmother. It was sad. But I think we were more full of anticipation of what was to come than sadness for what we were leaving behind. However, the remembrances will be forever in our minds: the sound of stepping onto the porch, grabbing the Kansas City Star to read the funnies, the oak tree with our swing, baseball in the yard, croquet, tennis, and falling on the bricks.

SELLERS, OVID ROGERS

Son of: Sandford and Lucia Rogers Sellers

Born: August 12, 1884, Waco, Texas, Dr. Harry Brown, his uncle, attending

Died: July 6, 1975, Lexington, Missouri

Married: Katherine Neill Wilson (b. 9/11/1892; d. 12/25/1979; Lexington)
June 1, 1918, in Lexington, Missouri

Children:

1. Elizabeth Nickerson Sellers (Betty)
   b. March 5, 1919, Lexington, Missouri
   m. Richard L. Harter (b. 3/14/1916, Erie, PA) (Dick)
   May 1, 1943, Chicago, IL, Dr. Ovid Sellers officiating
   Children:
   1.

   2.

   3.
2. Lucia Rogers Sellers
   b. Nov. 30, 1920, Lexington Missouri
   m. Warwick Woods Butler (b. 4/19/1916, Recife, Brazil; d. 12/26/1978 San Juan, PR)
   Dec. 13, 1943, Chicago, IL, Dr. Ovid Sellers officiating
   Children:
   1.

   2.

   3.

   4.
3. Roger Wilson Sellers, b. 10/3/1924, Chicago, IL
   m. Ruth Frederickson (b. 3/10/1926, Chicago, IL)
   10/11/1952, Chicago, IL; div. 11/20/1981, Kenosha, WI
   Children:
   1.

SELLERS, MARCIA

Dau. of: Sandford and Lucia Rogers Sellers

Born: Sept. 7, 1886, in Waco, Texas

Died:

Married: Tilton Davis, Jr. of Lexington, MO on Apr. 16, 1910 in Lexington

Children:

1. Dorothy Davis (Dada)
   b. Jan. 18, 1911, Aberdeen, South Dakota
   m. Thomas L. Gunter of Goliad, TX, 4/9/1930, Olathe, KS; div. 1940
   Children:
   1. Thomas Leon Gunter, Jr. b. 11/9/1931, Goliad, TX
      m. Luz Marina Pavia de Verone or Bogata, Colombia; New Orleans, LA
      d. 8/30/1983, Malaga, Spain
   m. Farris Young Van Meter (b. 2/22/1903, of Alma, MO) 8/31/1941, Lexington, MO, by ORS
   Children:
   1.
2. Lucia Gene Davis
   b. July 18, 1912, Lexington, Missouri
   d. April 11, 1989, Kansas City, Missouri
   m. Joseph Shelton Cope, M.D., (b. 10/16/1910, Lexington, MO) June 24, 1939, Lexington, MO, ORS officiating
   Children:
   1.

   2.

   3.

3. Sandford Sellers Davis (Jeff, Sonny)
   b. December 21, 1913, Lexington, Missouri
   m. Kathleen Burner (b. 12/18/1915) (Kay) January 5, 1945, Ft. McClellan, Alabama
   Children:
   1.

   2.

   3.

SELLERS, MARCIA (continued)

Children:

4. Tilton Davis III
   b. March 12, 1916, Lexington, Missouri
   d. September 12, 1982
   m. Helen Robinson of Chicago, IL
      Dec. 18, 1943, ORS assisting
      Children:
      1.

      2.

      3.

      4.
      5.

5. Marcia McBrayer Davis (Marcia Mac)
   b. June 13, 1919, Lexington, Missouri
   m. Albert M. Jackson (b. 1914) of Kansas City, MO
      March 5, 1940, Warrensburg, MO; div. 1946
      Children:
      1. Stephen McBrayer Jackson, b. 12/21/1946
         d. 4/16/1964; buried Machpelah Cemetery, Lexington, MO
   m. Harold Harvey Manning (b. 2/10/1922) of Kansas City, MO)
      Sept. 1951; div. 1962
      Children:
      1.

      2.

SELLERS, SANDFORD, JR. (Sandy)

Son of: Sandford and Lucia Rogers Sellers

Born: February 5, 1892, Lexington, Missouri

Died: January 27, 1982

Married: Marion Logan Kean (b. 6/26/1893; d. 7/18/1983), a double cousin, of Richmond, KY, on June 8, 1915; married in Richmond by her uncle, J. V. Logan, a Presbyterian minister

Children:

1. Lillian Logan Sellers
   b. July 26, 1916, Lexington, Missouri
   m. Igor de Lissovoy (b. 12/1/1912, St. Petersburg, Russia; fled to France 1917, moved to Chicago in 1920's)
   June 16, 1938, Evanston, IL, by ORS
   Children:
   1.

   2.

2. Marion Stuart Sellers
   b. March 7, 1920, Lexington, Missouri
   m. John Russell Allison (b. 5/27/1913, Peterborough, Ont., Canada)(Jack)
   Sept. 12, 1942, Evanston, IL, ORS officiating
   Children:
   1.

   2.

   3.

   4.
   5.

SELLERS, SANDFORD, JR. (continued)

Children:

3. Sandford Sellers III (Sandy)
   b. August 28, 1921, Lexington, MO
   m. Elinor Lynne Harrison (b. 6/21/26, Streator, IL) (Lynne)
   9/1/1946
   Children:
   1.

   2.

   3.

   4.

4. Logan McBrayer Sellers
   b. Jan. 14, 1927, Lexington, Missouri
   m. Jean Thompson (b. 4/22/1921) of Chicago, IL
   July, 1948, Chicago, IL; div. 1952
   Children:
   1.

   m. Genevieve Hauser (b. 1/9/19) of Wisconsin
   12/28/1957, Chicago, IL

SELLERS, JAMES McBRAYER (Mac)

Son of: Sandford and Lucia Rogers Sellers

Born: June 20, 1895, Lexington, Missouri

Married: Rebekah Hall Evans (b. 12/15/1901; d. May 9, 1985 (Becky)
December 28, 1925, Independence, MO

Children:

1. Stephen Wentworth Sellers (Steve)
   b. Oct. 6, 1926, Kansas City, MO
   m. Sarah Alice Maxwell of Parkersburg, WV (d. 1960)
   9/30/1958, Houston, TX
   m. Mrs. Jerelyn Doyle McLeaish of Doyline, LA (b. 7/24/1930)
   1961, Alexandria, LA; div. 1970
   Children:
   1.
   m. Wilma Hart Cox (b. 5/10/1924, Memphis, Tenn.)
   5/30/1981, Lexington, MO
2. James McBrayer Sellers, Jr. (Mac)
   b. March 1, 1929, Kansas City, MO
   m. Elizabeth Ann Singleton of Dallas, TX (b. 6/21/1935) (Betsy)
   12/20/1958, Dallas, TX, Dr. Ovid Sellers officiating
   Children:
   1.
   2.
   3.
   4.
3. Frederick Evans Sellers (Fred)
   b. February 28, 1941, Lexington, MO
   m. Katherine Ann Griggs, (b. 8/5/1945, Parsons, KS) (Kathy)
   5/3/1969, Parsons, KS
   Children:
   1)
   2)

DESCENDANTS OF LUCIA V. ROGERS & SANDFORD SELLERS, SR.

